

FEB.  
No. 16WEIRD TALES  
OF HORROR!

WE HUNG THOSE TWO  
MEN FOR KILLING BOLTON...  
BUT... BUT BOLTON'S CUTTING  
THEM DOWN HIMSELF!

HORROR  
OF THE  
WALKING  
DEAD

By Elshman

BOLTON







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



## SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. **Guaranteed** to give you up to an **extra pound a day!** Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight\* . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no

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Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

**10-DAY SUPPLY \$1. ONLY**

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are **unconditionally guaranteed** to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12 . . . the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals . . . It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. **That's the secret of putting on weight.** Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything. Act now!

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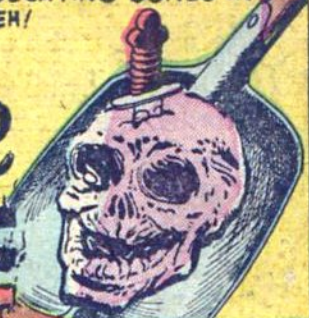
## SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

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WELCOME GHOULS, TO ANOTHER WELL FERTILIZED DARK MYSTERY OF A GREEDY SISTER PLOTTING FOR AN INHERITANCE - BY LYING, CHEATING, MURDERING! WATCH OUT READERS, FOR HER SOUL IS AS SLIMY AND PUTRID AS THE DECAYING BONES IN THE GRAVE! I KNOW... I AM THE GRAVE KEEPER NOW, HEH/HEH!

# The HORROR of the WALKING CORPSE



NOT LONG AGO, THIS REEKING, DECAYING THING WAS AUSTIN BARLO, A RESPECTED, LOVED MAN. WHEN HE DIED SUDDENLY, NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS CAME FROM FAR AND WIDE TO MOURN HIM AND BURY HIM...



THE RACKING SOBS OF ANN, THE FARMER'S WIDOW AS SHE HURLED HERSELF ON THE FRESH GRAVE CAUSED TEARS TO FLOW IN MANY EYES..

AUSTEN. I CANNOT LEAVE YOU, EVEN IN DEATH!



THIS REEKING, SMELLY CORPSE, RISEN FROM HIS SLIMY GRAVE SEEKING, SEEKING, WAS ONCE AUSTEN BARLO, PROSPEROUS HARD WORKING FARMER, HAPPILY MARRIED TO THE SIMPLE BUT ADORING, ANN. ONLY AFTER DEATH, DID THE EVIL IN THE FAMILY COME FORTH. AND A SUDDEN, STRANGE POWER IN THE EARTH FORCED THE DEAD TO RISE AND SEEK RETRIBUTION!



ANN'S POOR SISTER, PRISCILLA, AND HER HUSBAND, PETER, KEPT CLOSE TO ANN - SO CLOSE, THAT ANN FELT LIKE A PRISONER.

IT'S LUCKY WE LIVE CLOSE BY SO WE CAN BE NEAR YOU IN YOUR SORROW!

TH-THANK YOU, PRISCILLA. BUT PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE FOR A WHILE!

OF COURSE, AUSTEN WAS NOT ALWAYS A PUTRID DECAYING THING OR A NEWLY DEAD CADAVER. ONCE HE WAS A LOVING, SUCCESSFUL FARMER, ASSISTED BY HIS ADORING ANN.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO HELP ME, ANN, OUT HERE.

I CAN NEVER LEAVE YOU, AUSTEN!



AND THEY HAD A STRANGE FRIEND, JACOBUS, WHO SOLD THEM FERTILIZER AND ALSO ADORED THE FAITHFUL ANN...

YOU SELL US FERTILIZER TO MAKE US RICH AND GIVE US COMPANY TO MAKE US HAPPY!



YAH, YOU ARE MY FRIENDS, I SHALL ALWAYS TRY TO HELP YOU!



BUT NOW, EVERY NIGHT, FOR MANY NIGHTS AFTER THE FUNERAL ANN STOLE AWAY TOWARD THE COLD AND LONELY GRAVE WHERE HER BELOVED AUSTEN LAY AND STAYED UNTIL DAWN...

AUSTEN, AUSTEN, I CAN'T BEAR IT WITHOUT YOU. YOU WERE SO FAITHFUL!



AS ANN'S EYES LIGHTED ON HER OWN NAME MARKED ON THE DOUBLE GRAVE-STONE JUST AS SHE HAD ORDERED, AN EMOTION OF WILD JOY SEIZED HER.

SOMEDAY I WILL LIE NEXT TO YOU FOREVER, MY DARLING!



ONE NIGHT RETURNING HOME FROM THE GRAVE, ANN FOUND PRISCILLA AND PETER WAITING, STRAINED, FIXED SMILES ON THEIR LIPS. THEY HAD LEARNED THE SECRET OF HER NIGHTLY VISITS...

ANN, DEAR, WE'VE COME TO LIVE WITH YOU FOR A WHILE. AND KEEP YOU AWAY FROM THAT GRAVE!

IT'S NOT RIGHT FOR YOU TO VISIT AUSTEN'S GRAVE EVERY NIGHT.

WHAT SHALL I DO? HOW CAN I GET OUT TO BE WITH AUSTEN!





PREVENTED FROM VISITING AUSTEN'S GRAVE, ANN DECIDED ON A NEW, MACABRE PLAN ...

YES! I'LL BRING AUSTEN HERE! BARNEY WILL HELP ME!



THE NEXT DAY, DOWN AT THE BARN, ANN IS PLEADING FRANTICALLY WITH OLD BARNEY, THE HANDYMAN...

BARNEY, YOU MUST HELP ME GET AUSTEN'S BODY, WE WILL BRING HIM TO MY ATTIC. HELP ME AND I'LL PAY YOU WELL!

IT SOUNDS CRAZY BUT I'LL DO IT!



UGH!



AND SO THE EMBALMED DECAYING CORPSE OF AUSTEN WAS STEALTHILY BROUGHT TO THE MUSTY OLD ATTIC AND TENDERLY PLACED ON AN OLD SOFA BY ANN AND BARNEY...

NOW, MY BELOVED, I CAN COME TO YOU EVERY NIGHT-UNTIL I JOIN YOU IN ETERNITY!



AND NIGHTLY, ANN VISITED THE DEAD AUSTEN...



FEARFUL SHE WOULD SOON BE CAUGHT WITH AUSTEN'S BODY, ANN BEGAN TO CALL ON MR. WILKENS, THE UNDERTAKER.

AND SO MR. WILKENS, I WANT THE NEW MAUSOLEUM BUILT. WILL YOU TAKE CARE OF THE DETAILS. MAKE IT AS BIG AS MY ESTATE WILL BUY-AND HURRY!

IF YOU INSIST, MRS. BARLO..



ONE DAY, BACK AT ANN'S HOUSE, HER SISTER AND BROTHER-IN-LAW WERE ANGRILY DISCUSSING HER...

SHE STILL SNEAKS OUT WITHOUT OUR KNOWING? WHAT'S SHE UP TO?

I'VE WATCHED THE CEMETERY. SHE DOESN'T GO THERE!





ONE THING IS CERTAIN, HUSBAND, SHE CAN'T LAST LONG GOING ON AS SHE IS - AND THEN I INHERIT THE WHOLE FARM!

YOU'RE A SMART GIRL, PRISSY!

A FEW YEARS AGO, PRISCILLA WAS A LITTLE GIRL PLAYING WITH HER SISTER, ANN. TODAY HER GREED-BITTEN SOUL PLAYED WITH EVIL MACHINATIONS...

PETER, I FOUND OUT WHERE ANN WAS TODAY. SHE VISITED THE UNDERTAKER!

D'YA THINK WE SHOULD PAY HIM A CALL TOMORROW, DEAR?

TWO HUMAN SPIDERS SAT IN THE UNDERTAKER'S OFFICE THE NEXT DAY, SEEMINGLY SPINNING THEIR WEB...

YES, PRISCILLA, YOUR SISTER-IN-LAW ORDERED AN ELABORATE MAUSOLEUM FOR HER HUSBAND'S REBURIAL AND PLANS TO ALTER HER WILL SO THAT HER ESTATE WILL COVER THE COSTS!

HER MIND'S A LITTLE UNSETTLED, YOU KNOW!

AT BREAKFAST, THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER ANN'S NIGHTLY VIGIL WITH THE BODY OF AUSTEN - UP IN THE ATTIC, PRISCILLA MAKES A DESPERATE EFFORT TO DISTRACT ANN FROM GOING TO THE LAWYER'S....

ANN, DEAR, I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU, NO MAN DESERVES SO MUCH DEVOTION AS YOU'RE GIVING AUSTEN'S MEMORY!

YOU'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND THE DEPTH OF OUR LOVE!

THEN THE PLOTTERS WATCHED THEIR EVIL SCHEME...

PETER WAS THE TOWN PHOTOGRAPHER AND KNEW ALL THE TRICKS OF HIS TRADE...

I HAVE A PLAN. ALL THOSE OLD PICNIC PICTURES, I WILL USE THEM TO MAKE INTIMATE PICTURES OF AUSTEN AND YOU AND I'LL ALSO REWRITE SOME LETTERS!

ALL THAT NIGHT, PRISCILLA AND PETER WORKED FEVERISHLY, CUTTING, PASTING AND PHOTOGRAPHING MONTAGES AND REPEATING PARTS OF LETTERS AND PRISSY PLAYED HER HAND...

WH- WHAT'S THIS? NO! YOU AND AUSTEN! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! AND IN THIS LETTER HE SAYS HE LOVES YOU!

I HAD TO CONFESS, ANN - TO SAVE YOU FROM WASTING YOUR LOVE ON A DEAD MAN WHO BETRAYED YOU!

RAGE AND FURY FILLED THE SEETHING MIND OF THE SHOCKED ANN AS SHE SAW THE FAKE ROMANTIC POSES BETWEEN HER SISTER AND HER ADORED HUSBAND...

I'M SORRY, ANN, BUT AUSTEN AND I LOVED EACH OTHER!

AND I PLANNED TO KILL MYSELF TO BE WITH HIM. I EVEN WROTE A SUICIDE NOTE! HOW HE FOOLED ME!



ALL THE GRIEF AND HEART-ACHE IN ANN TURNED TO WILD HATRED AND FURY THAT NIGHT.

YOU MONSTER / MAKING LOVE TO MY OWN SISTER / **PRETENDING** TO ADORE ME! I WILL GET RID OF YOU **FOREVER!**



WITH SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH, ANN AND BARNEY DRAGGED THE CORPSE OF HER HUSBAND FROM THE ATTIC, ACROSS THE FIELDS, UNDER A WILLOW TREE WHERE SHE HAD DUG A GRAVE....

**THERE!** YOU CAN ROT HERE! THE GRAVEYARD IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU!



**I HATE YOU!  
I HATE YOU!**



SOON PRISCILLA WAS READY WITH PART TWO OF HER HASTY PLAN. IN ANN'S BEDROOM, PRISCILLA PUT SLEEPING PILLS IN HER NIGHTLY GLASS OF MILK....

THIS WILL KNOCK YOU OUT, MY PRETTY SISTER!



WITH COLD CALCULATION, PRISCILLA WENT ABOUT HER MURDEROUS TASK AS HER SISTER SLEPT IN A DRUGGED SLEEP...

A PERFECT SUICIDE! THE GRIEF-STRICKEN WIFE / THIS GAS WILL KILL YOU!



PRISCILLA'S PLANS WORKED TO PERFECTION. WHEN ANN'S NOTE WAS FOUND HER DEATH WAS CALLED SUICIDE - OF COURSE AUSTEN'S BODY WAS FOUND MISSING.

WHAT A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY / BUT AUSTEN'S GRAVE IS **EMPTY!** WHERE'S HIS **BODY?**



NOW PETER AND PRISCILLA OWNED THE FARM AND WORKED HARD TO INCREASE THE PROFITS...

IT'S GOOD TO OWN THE PLACE AT LAST, PETER!

WE'LL BE RICH, BEFORE I GET THROUGH WITH IT!



AS THEY GLOATED OVER THEIR NEW PROPERTY, PETER AND PRISCILLA WERE STARTLED BY THE APPEARANCE OF THE QUEER LITTLE MAN, JACOBUS...

REMEMBER, I ALWAYS SOLD AUSTEN FERTILIZER? I HAVE A NEW BRAND, IT WILL MAKE YOU RICH! YOU MUST PUT IT UNDER THE OLD WILLOW TREE AND YOU CAN HAVE IT FREE!

GIVE IT TO US, WE PROMISE!





JACOBUS WAS CONVINCING, THEY TOOK THE FERTILIZER, AND PROCEEDED TO SOW THE FARM WITH IT...



EAGERLY THE TWO SOWED THE MIRACLE FERTILIZER - AND AS THEY PROMISED JACOBUS.. UNDER THE WILLOW TREE...

THE FERTILIZER WILL HAVE TO BE GOOD TO MAKE THINGS GROW OVER THIS AREA!



TO THE DELIGHT OF THE AMBITIOUS PRISCILLA AND PETER, THE MIRACLE FERTILIZER DID ITS WORK - WITH AMAZING RESULTS...

LOOK! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH GROWTH-SUCH FERTILITY!

PETER, WE'RE RICH!



THE FERTILIZER WAS INDEED PERFORMING MIRACLES BUT IT ALSO FERTILIZED AUSTEN'S CORPSE! AT THE EDGE OF THE FARM, THE SHALLOW GRAVE WAS OPENING...



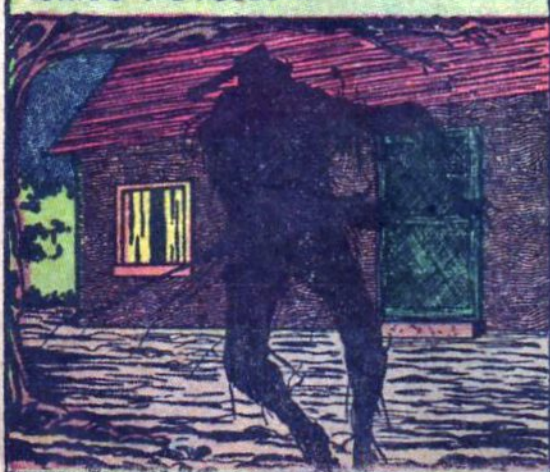
WHAT POWER WAS BEING WORKED ON THE EARTH THAT THRUST FORTH, EVEN THE DEAD?



ON CREAKING JOINTS, THE FERTILIZED SKELETON OF AUSTEN, THE AXE SPLITTING HIS CRANIUM, GREW STRONG... IT ROSE FROM THE GRAVE AND GAZED TOWARD THE FARM WHERE PETER AND PRISCILLA NOW LIVED...



PLODDING SLOWLY BUT INEXORABLY, THE BONY FIGURE TOOK A STRAIGHT PATH TOWARD THE HOUSE...



PLODDINGLY, THE REEKING THING ENTERED THE HOUSE...





WAKED FROM A PEACEFUL SLEEP FILLED WITH DREAMS OF WEALTH AND POWER, PRISCILLA AND PETER LAY FROZEN IN HORROR, PARALYZED... AS THEY SAW AUSTEN'S SKELETON BESIDE THEM...

G-GO AWAY... YOU'RE DEAD!

UGH... WH-WHAT DO YOU - WANT?

WHAT DID AUSTEN'S SKELETON WANT? YOU HAVE YOUR **ANSWER**, PETER AND PRISCILLA!



BUT NOW, WHERE ARE YOU GOING, AUSTEN? HAVEN'T YOU FINISHED YOUR MISSION?

IS IT ANN YOU'RE SEEKING, AUSTEN? SHE LIES LONELY, MURDERED, IN HER GRAVE. BESIDE YOUR EMPTY ONE...



A WEIRD SOUND OF CLANKING BONES, SUDDENLY ECHOED THROUGH THE CEMETERY AND BROUGHT THE WATCHMEN, WONDERING, FRIGHTENED...

THE MEN HURRIED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE EERIE SOUND...

AUSTEN'S WALK WAS ENDED. AT LAST HE CAME TO REST OVER HIS WIFE'S GRAVE...

WHAT WAS THAT? MAYBE THE **GHOULS**!

IT CAME FROM THERE...

IT'S AUSTEN BARLO'S REMAINS! BUT WHY, **HOW**? LET'S RE-BURY IT NEXT TO HIS WIFE, **QUICK**!





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SO, YOU'RE HUNGRY FOR MORE HORROR TALES, YOU STARVING THRILL SEEKERS! WELL, HERE'S SOME FODDER TO SEND QUIVERS THROUGH YOUR SPINES... IF NOT BULLETS THROUGH YOUR BRAINS... AS OUR LUCKLESS LYDIA STANDS A HELPLESS TARGET BEFORE HER N-E-R-V-O-U-S HUSBAND, I AM THE WATCHMAN OF THE GRAVEYARD AND THIS IS FROM MY BEST TALES TOLD TO ME BY THE SILENT DEAD / I CALL IT...

# TERROR NEEDS A STAGE!



FOR THREE YEARS LYDIA FOREMAN STOOD BEFORE HER HUSBAND ON THE STAGES OF OLD EUROPE, NERVELESS AND CONFIDENT OF KARL'S PERFECT AIM! THEIR ACT OF CLOSE DEATH SENT SHUDDERS OF FEAR THROUGH AUDIENCES AND BROUGHT THEM SUCCESS AND ACCLAIM THAT TOOK THEM TO THE PINNACLES OF THEIR PROFESSION! UNTIL TONIGHT WHEN THE AUDIENCE FROZE IN THEIR SEATS AS THEY SAW KARL'S ARM QUAVER AND LYDIA'S EYES GLARE IN FRIGHTENED DISBELIEF AS THEY REFLECTED THE MURDER ABOUT TO BE COMMITTED!

EVERY NERVE IN LYDIA FOREMAN'S BODY BECAME TAUT AND HER BREATHING STOPPED EACH TIME KARL DID THE CIGARETTE ACT! BUT AUDIENCES LOVED DEATH'S CLOSE WHINE AND SHE AND HER HUSBAND LOVED THE TREMENDOUS SUCCESS THEY WERE WINNING!



MIRACULOUS! SENSATIONAL!

AS THE COMIC RELIEF FOR THEIR SHARP SHOOTING ACT THEY HAD RIMI, A PET MONKEY, WHO WOULD JUMP ON LYDIA'S SHOULDER WHENEVER KARL CALLED HER NAME!



RIMI, PRETTY RIMI!



THEY LOVED THEIR UGLY PET MONKEY AND THE CROWD LOVED THEM!



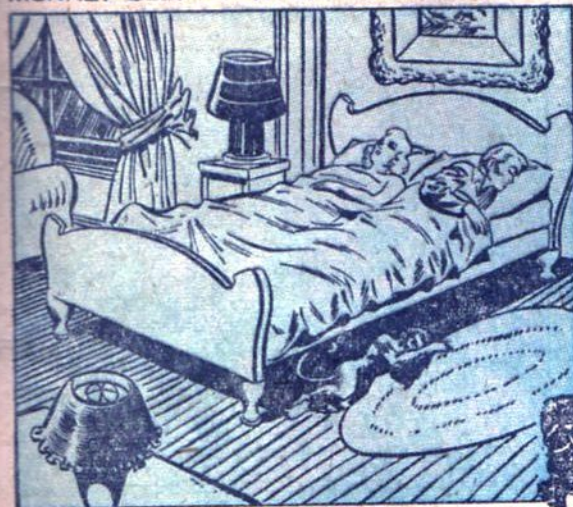
IN THEIR DRESSING ROOM THEIR AGENT EXCITED THEM WITH THE WONDERFUL BOOKINGS HE HAD GOTTEN THEM IN ALL THE OLD CAPITALS OF EUROPE!



KARL EVEN PREVAILED ON THE CAPTAIN TO ALLOW RIMI TO OCCUPY THEIR STATEROOM...



THE CAPTAIN AGREED AND RIMI LOVED THE IDEA SO MUCH THAT THERE AFTER THE MONKEY SLEPT WITH HIS MASTERS...



IN LONDON, PARIS, AND NOW VIENNA, THE SHARPSHOOTING ACT OF THE FOREMANS RECEIVED TREMENDOUS OVATIONS! THEIR ACT BECAME MORE AND MORE DARING!



ALWAYS A BIG HIT, RIMI HAD BEEN BROUGHT MORE AND MORE INTO THE ACT! AN EXPLODING APPLE ON HIS HEAD ALWAYS RELIEVED THE TENSION AND BROUGHT A REACTION OF HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER WHEN HE JUMPED ON LYDIA'S SHOULDER AT THE SOUND OF HIS NAME...



AFTER THE SHOW, A MESSAGE WAS DELIVERED TO THEIR DRESSING ROOM, WHICH MOE SENDER, THEIR AGENT, MISTRUSTED...





THE DINGY OLD CASTLE WAS A DISAPPOINTMENT TO LYDIA WHO HAD DREAMED OF HOLLYWOOD GRANDEUR...AND BARON MANFRIED WAS NOT THE WELL-GROOMED SOPHISTICATED NOBLEMAN SHE HAD EXPECTED...



WE BROUGHT RIMI! WE HOPE IT'S ALL RIGHT!

OF COURSE! WELCOME TO REGENSHALLE!

THANK YOU, BARON!

AFTER THEIR PERFORMANCE, THE CONVERSATION TURNED TO THE GOSSIP OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD!



PLEASE DON'T PAY ATTENTION TO THE TALK OF VAMPIRES! THIS IS A SUPERSTITIOUS VILLAGE!

AS THEY RETIRED FOR THE NIGHT, ENTERING THE MUSTY OLD ROOM WITH ITS DARK CANOPIED BED, RIMI RUSHED GLEEFULLY TOWARD ITS FOOT...



I'M GLAD THE BARON SAID RIMI COULD SLEEP IN OUR ROOM!

AS KARL LAY PEACEFULLY SLEEPING, A PIERCING SCREAM SUDDENLY AWAKENED HIM...



ARRRGH...  
AIEEEEE!

LYDIA, WHAT IS IT?

MY THROAT... I'VE BEEN BITTEN! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE VAMPIRE!

NONSENSE! JUST AN INSECT, PERHAPS... GO BACK TO SLEEP!

AT DAYBREAK, KARL WAS AGAIN AWAKENED BY A COLD WIND! TO HIS AMAZEMENT, LYDIA WAS NOT IN BED.



WHERE CAN SHE HAVE GONE?



ANXIOUS, SUSPICIOUS, KARL STARTED TO SEEK LYDIA WHEN THE DOOR OPENED...



LYDIA... WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

OH... KARL! I'M SO NERVOUS! I'VE BEEN SLEEP-WALKING!



AFTER BREAKFAST KARL AND LYDIA WERE SAYING GOODBYE, WHEN A SERVANT RUSHED IN...



THE HORRIBLE THOUGHT OF LYDIA'S SLEEP WALKING... AND HER DISAPPEARANCE FROM BED MADE KARL'S BLOOD RUN COLD!



IN BUCHAREST THE NEXT DAY, KARL STRANGELY REQUESTED THAT LYDIA AND RIMI TAKE SEPARATE BEDROOMS, THAT NIGHT...



WITH TERRIBLE FOREBODING, KARL SEARCHED THE OLD HOTEL GROUNDS FOR HIS WIFE!



THAT NIGHT SOMETHING OR SOMEONE DRAINED AND DRANK THE BLOOD OF AN INNOCENT GIRL!



BACKSTAGE AT THE THEATRE NEXT DAY, THERE WAS EXCITED MUTTERING...



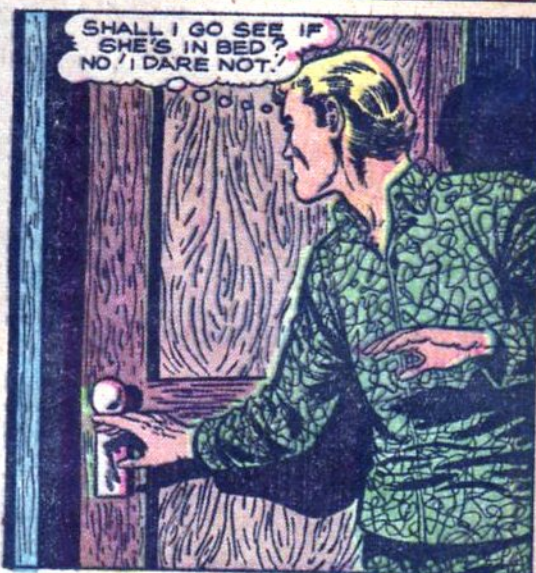
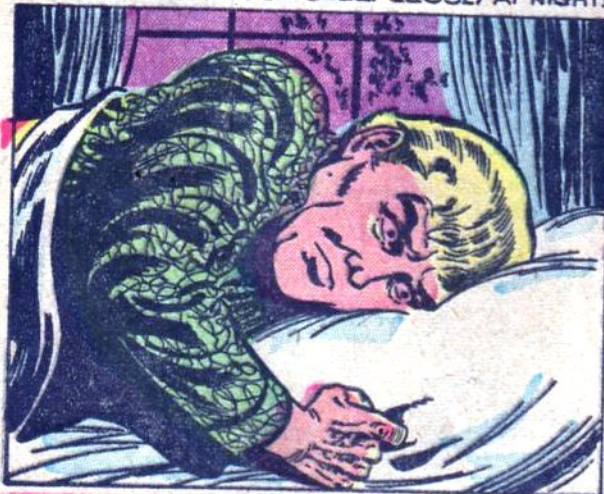


RATTLED BY HIS SHOCKING SUSPICIONS OF HIS WIFE, DISTRACTED BY HER DISAPPEARANCES, KARL FELT UNNERVED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE HISTORY OF THEIR ACT..

AS THE CIGARETTE IN LYDIA'S MOUTH FELL APART, THE SHOT REACHING ITS TARGET WITH KARL'S UNERRING AIM, LYDIA PERSPIRED PROFUSELY, IN RELIEF, BUT KARL THOUGHT..



ONCE THE SUSPICION HAD TAKEN ROOT THAT LYDIA HAD BEEN INFECTED WITH VAMPIRISM, KARL COULDN'T ESCAPE ITS INSIDIOUS POISON AND TOSSED SLEEPLESSLY AT NIGHT!



BACK IN BED, THE IMAGES OF LYDIA AS A VAMPIRE SEEKING OUT VICTIMS HAUNTED HIM..

HEAR YE... HEAR YE... MY GOD... I MAY BE NEXT! WHAT'S THAT... A TOWN CRIER AT THIS HOUR!







I MUST SEE IF  
LYDIA'S IN BED!

HIS WORST FEARS WERE REALIZED,  
LYDIA WAS GONE!



NOW I AM SURE  
LYDIA IS THE  
VAMPIRE!

THE NEXT MORNING, HOWEVER, LYDIA WAS BACK IN BED!



LYDIA WAKE UP!  
WHERE WERE YOU  
LAST NIGHT?

KARL, I DREAMED  
RIMI WAS GONE!  
I WAS FRANTIC  
AND IN MY SLEEP  
I WENT LOOKING  
FOR HIM!

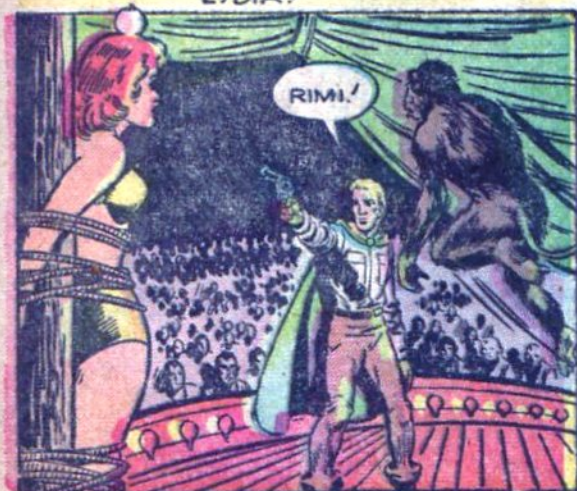
ON THE WAY TO THE THEATRE KARL BECAME  
FILLED WITH A TERRIBLE RESOLVE...

MAYBE I SHALL BE HER NEXT VICTIM!  
I HAVE TO KILL HER BEFORE SHE KILLS  
OTHERS... OR ME! RIMI AND I CAN  
MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!



ON THE STAGE THE NEXT DAY, AS KARL WAS  
ABOUT TO SHOOT HE SOFTLY CALLED THE  
MONKEY WHO IMMEDIATELY JUMPED ON  
LYDIA!

WITH DEADLY AIM, KARL'S BULLET  
PIERCED LYDIA'S TEMPLE AS THE  
SHRIEKS FROM THE AUDIENCE RENT  
THE AIR ALONG WITH RIMI'S WILD  
SCREAMS!



RIMI!



MY DARLING...  
WHAT HAVE I  
DONE?

I MUST PUT  
ON AN ACT!

AN ACCIDENT!  
THE MONKEY  
JUMPED  
TOO SOON!



AT BEDTIME THAT NIGHT...



POOR LYDIA'S DEAD,  
THERE'LL BE NO MORE  
VAMPIRES NOW. THE  
PHONE...

IT WAS THE HOTEL MANAGER



MR. FOREMAN  
...THE VAMPIRE  
KILLED ANOTHER  
VILLAGER TO-  
NIGHT. LOCK  
YOUR DOOR!

WH-WHAT?  
BUT...BUT  
IT'S IM-  
POSSIBLE!

CONFUSED, SHOCKED, KARL WENT  
TO BED WONDERING!



BUT LYDIA WAS THE  
VAMPIRE AND  
SHE'S DEAD!

LATER THAT NIGHT...AFTER  
FALLING ASLEEP AGAIN, KARL  
AWAKENED SUDDENLY, HIS  
FINGERS CLUTCHING HIS  
THROAT...



HELP...I'M  
BEING  
BITTEN!

OUT OF THE DARKNESS,  
HUGE BATLIKE WINGS  
SPREAD WIDE MENACINGLY



HE-E-LP! THE VAMPIRE  
IS SUCKING MY BLOOD!

SUDDENLY, THE VAMPIRE  
BEGAN TO SHRINK...CHANG-  
ING FORM...AS KARL'S EYES  
REMAINED FIXED IN HORROR



MY GOD...  
IT'S...IT'S  
RIMI!



RIMI... YOU THE VAMPIRE,  
NOT LYDIA...ARRRGH!



THE NEXT DAY A NEW BODY JOINED LYDIA  
IN THE CEMETARY! KARL'S... HOW DO I KNOW  
THIS STORY... OF COURSE I KNOW... YOU SEE...  
I'M THE WATCHMAN OF THE GRAVEYARD!  
POOR KARL MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE...  
DIDN'T HE?

THE  
END



# THE GHOST IN THE MIRROR

By ELLEN LYNN

ELLEN GARTH was always a strange child. She was always pretending she was hearing voices. She was only fifteen when I first saw her—and already showing promise of unusual beauty. But she was childlike, quiet, moody and I first came upon her when I was out riding my horse, Letty. She was stretched out prone by the side of the brook, and her slim white hand was dangling in the rushing water. So absorbed was she in this simple pastime that she hadn't even heard my horse's feet on the shrubs as we approached her. It was difficult to get her to talk, but when I dismounted and sat down beside her, remaining silent and watching the moving waters with her, she seemed to gain confidence—and from that time on we were friends.

It was just a week since I had been hired by Mr. Fred Garth as a general overseer on his farm. He knew I had left the agricultural school where I had been studying because my father had suffered financial losses and I wanted to go out and start earning my livelihood. The school had told him that I was a very "promising" student, and the truth is I was keenly disappointed at having to give up my studies in scientific farming.

"Ken Farrell," Mr. Garth approached me, "this may surprise you, but I'm going to make you manager of this farm. Frankly, I'm much impressed with you. That agricultural school must have taught you a lot."

I flushed with pleasure and surprise. "Why—thank you, Mr. Garth. I hope I can measure up to your confidence in me."

Suddenly, Mr. Garth staggered. I had to grab his arm to keep him from falling. He was clutching his chest and his face was ghastly white. After I had helped him into the house and he had sat a while, he was able to talk. "Ken, I have a bad heart. I am lucky you came to this farm when you did. My mind is at peace to have a competent person in charge. You're young—but you're smart. Promise me you'll stay and look out for my wife and daughter, Ellen."

A month later, Fred Garth was dead. Dr. Sidney Allen, a neighbor, called every evening on the widow, Grace. She was a frail, lovely-looking woman—who seemed confused and lost without her husband.

One day Mrs. Garth called me to the house. "Ken," she said, "I am going to remarry. This may shock people—it's only a few months since Fred died—but I'm a helpless creature and I feel that Ellen should have a father. I love my girl dearly—but it was always Fred who saw to her upbringing and I'm afraid of the responsibility." She paused and her eyes were filled with tears. Then—"I'm going to marry Dr. Allen. He was the first to point out that Ellen needs a father."

There was something about Sidney Allen that I did not like. He was too smooth—and underneath there seemed to be a hard core. He had come to live at the Garth Farm and was devoting less and less time to the practice of medicine. Surprisingly, he kept me on as Manager, after he had married Grace Garth, undoubtedly, because he knew less about running it than I did—and the Farm was doing well. But it soon became clear who was "master" of the family. He seemed to rule the household with an iron hand. It was soon obvious that Allen hadn't married for mere love. Poor Mrs. Garth had gone into a decline and kept to her bed a good deal. She would come downstairs only to be near Ellen, to protect her as much as she could. Ellen often sat with her, reading aloud, or just holding her hand. At other times Grace sat for hours before the strange mirror in her boudoir, a gift from Ellen's father.

I found myself growing more and more interested in Ellen. We often rode out together on our horses and I loved to make her laugh, to see her acting young and carefree. Even when I knew I had fallen deeply in love with her, I felt she was not quite ready for such a declaration. I would wait until she had awakened to her feeling for me—and I felt certain that she was beginning to fall in love with me. Then I would be able to take her away from her grasping stepfather, whose only god was greed. So I waited.

As I was being let into the foyer one evening, I could hear Dr. Allen's voice, sharp, angry, coming from the parlor. He had asked me to come at eight o'clock and I decided to sit there and wait till he finished what sounded like a family argument. I had no intention of eavesdropping and was deciding to leave and come back in a half-hour when my own name entered into the discussion. Much to my amazement, I heard Dr. Allen objecting to Ellen's mother that Ellen was getting too "chummy" with that Ken Farrell. "Don't let her get any romantic notions about our farm manager," he said. "She's nearly seventeen and it's time to think of her settling down and marrying. In fact, Ben Anderson and I have talked about Ellen and him. Our farms adjoin and we could combine the two and run a real enterprise. Ben is a smart boy and runs his farm practically singlehanded. That boy, Ken, tries to run our place by books. Ellen must stop seeing him—you know of course what he's after—this farm . . ."

"Oh no, Sidney, you can't. You must not. Ben is fifty, old enough to be her grandfather. He's a miser. He'll beat her." The gentle Grace was wild, infuriated.

"I married you to protect her," wept Grace. "I vow to you I will save her, even if I have to come back from the dead to do it."

Events moved fast after this. Suddenly there



was a thud as though someone had fallen. Throwing caution to the winds, I hurried into the parlor and saw Mrs. Allen crumpled on the floor. Dr. Allen was saying—"It's her heart, poor dear. It's all over. Oh, God, why has this happened to me?"

Dr. Allen rushed me out of my job and out of the house. My only comfort was the determination that I would come back for Ellen. So grief-stricken was she, and so watched over by her step-father, I couldn't even see her before I left. But I got to know all the details of the occurrences after I left. Strange as they were, I finally returned, just in time.

Mrs. Garth—or Mrs. Allen—had left a will bequeathing all the lands to Dr. Allen with one odd condition: that he never part with the large, brass-framed mirror that hung in her boudoir. Dr. Allen called it a crazy idea—"Poor Grace was getting unbalanced toward the end"—but there was nothing he could do about it—he had to obey the conditions of the will.

The shock of her mother's death and the harshness of her stepfather toward her gentle mother and herself, had a serious effect on Ellen. She retreated more and more into herself. The little resistance she had put up against him while her mother was alive disappeared. She was now meek and obedient to the wishes of Dr. Allen. The only time she seemed happy was when she sat in her mother's boudoir before that large, brass-framed mirror.

"You don't have to sit there admiring yourself, Miss," her step-father sarcastically informed her. "You have an admirer downstairs waiting to see you. Ben Anderson is ready to marry you and the sooner you settle down with him the better."

"It isn't myself I see in that mirror," Ellen replied. "My mother talks to me."

"Ben better marry you soon—before he discovers you're balmy," Dr. Allen laughed. "What does your mother say to you, pray tell?"

"She tells me not to worry—that she can be a better mother to me now than she ever was before . . . that she is stronger and can protect me from all evil . . ."

Ellen's stepfather snorted—"So now we believe in ghosts—and this is a haunted house! Enough of this foolishness. Make yourself presentable and go downstairs to see your fiancé."

Doing as she was bid, Ellen went down to see Ben Anderson. But Dr. Allen was disturbed by her calm self-assurance, by her contented smile. Truthfully, she didn't seem unbalanced of mind at all. What trickery was going on? Hearing the remote voices of Ellen and Ben downstairs in the parlor, he was about to join them to bring things to a head concerning their marriage, when he stopped at the open door of the boudoir. Was he imagining things? A soft voice, like Grace's, called his name: "Sidney—Sidney—in here . . . come in here . . ." It was some kind of hallucination, but Dr. Allen boldly walked into the room. In the dark boudoir, faintly illumined by the moon

through the windows, he thought he saw a shadow playing upon the surface of the brass-framed mirror. It was just a train of thought that made him imagine it had the outlines of—Grace. With a sneer he turned to walk out of the room when again he heard that soft voice: "Sidney—come—follow me—you must—follow me . . ." Wheeling around, he saw the shadow on the mirror fade away. A sudden chill came over him and he hurried downstairs.

Dr. Allen hastened the date of the wedding and it was noted by all that Ellen went about her preparations pleasantly, patiently. Everyone knew she was not in love with Ben; she appeared to be waiting, waiting for something to happen—something sure to stop the wedding. The atmosphere was charged with tension. It was like racing against Time, with Dr. Allen rushing to get that marriage over before anything could happen. The only composed person was—Ellen.

When the wedding day arrived and the guests started to come, Dr. Allen's face wore a triumphant smile. He even patted his neighbor on the back, "Well, Ben, we're practically partners, now. Let's shake on it."

Then he saw me enter the house. I could see the expression of fury on his face. In scarcely suppressed tones of anger, he approached me, saying, "Ken Farrell, only invited guests may come to Ellen's wedding." I answered, "That is why I am here, Dr. Allen. Ellen sent me a letter inviting me here." He appeared highly nervous and I watched him hurry up the stairs. What happened—I learned later. He found Ellen in her bridal attire, sitting before the Mirror. He heard a voice say: "Darling, you will not marry Ben—you may be sure of that. I shall keep my promise." Then he saw the same shadow in the Mirror—"Come, Sidney—follow me—you must, you know . . ." With a burst of fury and a loud scream, Dr. Allen rushed to the Mirror and hammered it with his fists—"You witch," he yelled, "I don't know what trickery Ellen is up to but here's what I think of your ugly mirror—and this wedding will take care of your Will." There was a resounding crash as Dr. Allen's blows splintered the mirror and the heavy glass came clattering down. Blood was streaming from his pierced wrists and he fell heavily to the floor.

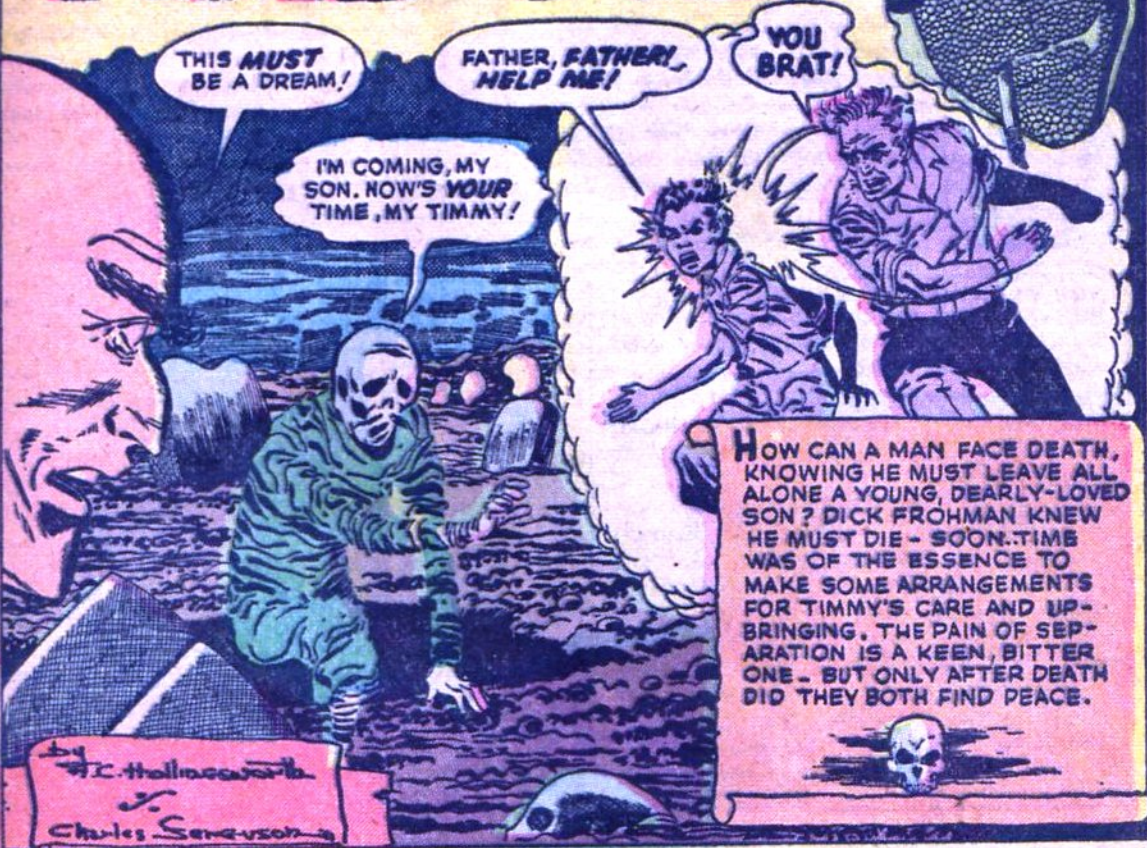
All the guests had rushed upstairs upon hearing the clamor. There I saw my beautiful Ellen, her face horrified—but she rushed to me and I enfolded her in my arms. Her letter had merely told me to come today—there was an urgency about it—but now her eyes told me what for so long I had hoped to see—that she loved me. Ellen had felt that I in some way would save her from her marriage to Ben.

But was it play-acting? Sure it couldn't be, you will say. But there, glistening on the floor near the shattered glass, like a protective amulet, was the gold wedding band which Ellen's mother had worn in death and which was buried with her!



STOP AWHILE, HORROR-SEEKERS, AND READ THIS TALE YET TO BE TOLD- 'T'WILL MAKE YOU SHUDDER- AND PERHAPS WEEP, AND PERHAPS TO WONDER HOW YOU CAN BE GLAD FOR SOMEONE THAT IT IS HIS ....

# TIME to DIE



OVER THE HAPPY COMPANIONSHIP OF FATHER AND SON, HUNG A HEAVY PALL. THE BLACK WINGS OF A SHADOWY FIGURE CHILLED THE HEART OF DICK FROHMAN AS HE TENDERLY WATCHED HIS TIMMY...

GEE, DAD, THESE ELECTRIC TRAINS ARE SWELL. THANKS!

YOU DESERVE THEM, TIMMY. BOY.



EACH GOODNIGHT WAS TO THE FATHER A FRIGHTENING SEPARATION FROM HIS MOTHERLESS BOY.

SEE YOU IN THE MORNING, DADDY!

HAPPY DREAMS, TIM. (IF I ONLY MAY HAVE A FEW MORE DAYS.)





THE OMINOUS WORDS OF THE DOCTOR—ONLY YESTERDAY GIVING HIM HIS DEATH SENTENCE, HAMMERED ON DICK'S BRAIN AS THE MINUTES TICKED BY.

I MUST BE HONEST WITH YOU. YOU WILL DIE IN A FEW DAYS!

BUT I MUST LIVE! WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF TIMMY?



NEXT DAY, HIS STORY TOLD TO CHARLES CROCKER, THE BOY'S UNCLE, A WEIGHT LIFTED FROM DICK'S MIND AS CHARLES SEEMED A HELPFUL FRIEND. BUT CHARLES THOUGHT DICK A LITTLE CRACKED..

AND I'LL HAVE MY INSURANCE TURNED OVER TO YOU FOR THE CARE OF TIMMY. PROMISE ME YOU'LL BE GOOD TO HIM, CHARLES!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT MY FRIEND, I'LL GIVE TIMMY EVERY CARE AND AFFECTION!



YOU SEE, CHARLES, I KNOW I WILL BE WATCHING TIMMY EVEN IF I'M DEAD. I'LL KNOW IF HE IS UNHAPPY AND I'LL COME FOR HIM!



IF SOMEONE SAID THAT TO YOU..WOULD YOU THINK HE WAS CRACKED TOO?



THE NEXT FEW DAYS DICK JUST MARKED TIME, BUT DICK SAVORED EVERY JOY HE COULD IN HIS COMPANIONSHIP WITH TIMMY...

GEE, DAD, THAT WAS A SWELL PITCH!

YOU'RE A GREAT LITTLE CATCHER, TIMMY!



THE PAIN HIT—SUDDENLY, STUNNINGLY...

DADDY, DADDY! WHAT IS IT?

H-E-L-P M-E... I-N-S-I-D-E. I'-L-L T-E-L-L Y-O-U!



SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, DICK TOLD TIM THAT HE MUST DIE—BUT THAT HIS GOOD FRIEND, CHARLES CROCKER WOULD BE A FATHER TO HIM...

NO, NO! I WANT TO GO WITH YOU! I WANT TO DIE TOO!

YOURS IS NOT THE TIME TO DIE, TIMMY!



AND THEN THE HOUR OF DOOM STRUCK!

MY BOY—YOUR FATHER'S DEAD. HE WOULD WANT YOU TO BE BRAVE!

I WANT TO GO WITH HIM.. PLEASE LET ME!





STEP BY STEP, ALL THE REGULAR PROCEEDINGS TO MAKE DEATH FINAL, IRREVOCABLE, FOLLOWED IN DUE COURSE - CLANGING LIKE A BELL IN THE EARS OF THE UNHAPPY BOY...

MR. CROCKER, HERE'S THE DEATH CERTIFICATE FOR DICK!

YES, DR. QUIGLEY!

ON HIS WAY TO HIS LAST RESTING PLACE, DICK'S BODY STOPPED AT THE MORTICIAN FOR EMBALMING AND DRAINING OF HIS BLOOD...



AT THE CHURCH, THE TRAGIC SIGHT OF A GRIEF STRICKEN BOY UNWILLING TO LET HIS FATHER GO, AFFLICTED THE WEEPING EYES OF ALL...

I WANT TO GO WITH YOU, DADDY! TAKE ME, PLEASE!

WAS IT THE IMAGINATION OF AN OVERWROUGHT BOY THAT HEARD HIS FATHER'S ANSWER?

NO, TIMMY, IT IS NOT TIME FOR YOU TO DIE!

NO MORE TEARS, TIMMY. IT'S FINISHED AND YOUR FATHER WILL NEVER COME BACK. I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU NOW!

YES, CHARLES!



BUT SOON AFTER THE INSURANCE WAS COLLECTED, CHARLES PROCEEDED TO TAKE CARE OF TIMMY, BUT IN HIS OWN WAY...

THERE ARE MORE BARRELS OF ASHES TO TAKE OUT, TIM. HURRY ALONG!

YES, YES, MR. CROCKER!

THIS WAS NOT THE KIND OF "FATHER'S CARE" TIMMY HAD KNOWN - THIS WAS NOT DICK'S KIND OF LOVE AND TENDERNESS...

DADDY, DADDY, WHY DIDN'T YOU TAKE ME WITH YOU?

WHAT ARE YOU MUMBLING ABOUT? FINISH UP AND GO TO BED, TIM!





LATE AT NIGHT THERE WERE SUDDEN SCREAMS FROM UP IN TIMMY'S ROOM...

THAT BRAT'S HAVING NIGHTMARE'S AGAIN... I'LL FIX HIM!



SO CHARLES CROCKER "FIXED" TIMMY AS THE HELPLESS TORTURED CHILD CRINGED IN AGONY. BUT HOW FAR CAN A CHILD'S CRIES BE HEARD, EVEN UNTO THE GRAVE?

GET IT THROUGH YOUR HEAD. YOUR FATHER'S DEAD! THE DEAD CAN'T HEAR!

DADDY, DADDY! I WANT YOU!



BUT CAN'T THEY? AT THE GRAVEYARD, A SERIES OF STRANGE, UNBELIEVABLE EVENTS TOOK PLACE - THAT WERE TALKED ABOUT FOR YEARS TO COME...

I HEAR YOU, TIMMY. I'LL GET MY BODY AND COME...



THE BERE GHOST THAT CONFRONTED THE GOGGLE-EYED GRAVE DIGGER, SPEAKING IN HOLLOW TONES THAT FROZE HIS BLOOD, LOOKED LIKE THE YOUNG FATHER THAT HE BURIED A FEW DAYS AGO...

D-I-G U-P M-Y G-R-A-V-E... R-E-L-E-A-S-E M-Y B-O-D-Y...

Y-YES... S..SURE...



RELEASED FROM THE GRAVE, THE DECAYED BODY OF DICK CLIMBED OUT AND CARRIED BY THE GHOST, HURRIED TOWARD A GOAL...

I'M... OVERWORKED.. THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING...

W-O-N'T B-E L-O-N-G N-O-W, T-I-M-M-Y B-O-Y!



STEP BY STEP, DICK'S CORPSE PROCEEDED BACKWARD WITH BODY, FROM THE GRAVE TO THE MORTICIAN...



R-E-S-T-O-R-E M-Y B-L-O-O-D T-O M-Y V-E-I-N-S...

Y-YES!

THE STUNNED AND QUAKING MORTICIAN OBEYED HIS STRANGE VISITOR, INJECTING BLOOD BACK INTO HIS VEINS...





THEN, INEXORABLY, DICK'S BLOODED CORPSE  
 PLODED HIS WAY TO THE HOUSE OF CHARLES  
 WHERE THE BEATEN BOY WHO WAS HIS SON,  
 TIMMY, LAY BEATEN ON THE FLOOR...

WHIMPERING BRAT! TAKE THAT!...AND  
 THAT! AND... UGH! D-DICK..IT CAN'T  
 BE!



CONFRONTED BY THE RETURNED **DEAD**,  
 CHARLES BRAVADO EBBED RAPIDLY AS HE  
 COWERED BEFORE A **THING** FROM THE  
**UNKNOWN!**

I-I WAS JUST  
 DISCIPLINING THE  
 BOY.



FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE, A TORTURED  
 SPIRIT HAD DEFIED ALL THE LAWS OF NATURE,  
 RETURNING FROM IT'S RESTING PLACE  
 OF ETERNAL PEACE TO BRING THE SAME  
 PEACE TO A LITTLE BOY...

A-ND N-O-W...W-H-E-R-E'S  
 M-Y T-I-M-M-Y?



TIMMY! TIMMY! **NOW**  
 IS YOUR TIME TO COME  
 WITH ME! I'VE COME  
 TO TAKE YOU!

\*SOB\*...  
**DADDY!!**  
 YOU HEARD  
 ME!



AND ANOTHER MIRACLE TOOK  
 PLACE, TIMMY -HEARD-HIS-  
 FATHER /

DADDY, DADDY...  
 I'M SO HAPPY YOU'VE **COME**  
 FOR ME!



IT WAS NIGHT AND A COLD  
 WIND BLEW, AS A MAN AND  
 BOY WALKED AFFECTIONATELY  
 TOGETHER IN THE  
 DIRECTION OF THE CEM-  
 ETERY...



A FATHER - EVEN A **DEAD**  
 FATHER - CAN HEAR HIS  
 LITTLE SON CALL HIM!



THE END





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12" high! Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up

#### ARE YOU

Skinny, Weak and Run Down?  
Always tired?  
Nervous?  
Lacking in confidence?  
Constipated?  
Suffering from bad breath?  
Fat and Rabby?  
Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my **FREE BOOK**

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD THE MUSCLE AND VITALITY** you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—pize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

**FREE**

Illustrated 32-Page Book, Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 40711, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**



#### Here's The Kind of Results I Got:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Henry Neves, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—J. E., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

—G. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W., Montana

dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

#### WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

**CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 40711, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

*Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:*

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—In The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely **FREE** a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

(Please print or write plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.



**A**gain we gather, heh heh, readers of horror! You are welcome to ride into our store of gruesome, titivating tales which will make your cold blood run colder, your spine more rigid, and your pulse palpitate... This is a story of horses and nightmares! Nick Templeton, wealthy man-of-the-world, spoiled and self-indulgent, brought women swooning at his feet! Dalliance with other men's sweethearts or wives was to him a game of peculiar charm in which he always came out the victor... until one him repaid him with a **GIFT OF HATE!** Come, heh, heh, heh, join us in ....

# Terror of the NIGHTMARES!

MY GOD! IT'S ALMA! DEAD!!

MANFRED LINK PLIED HIS BLOODY TRADE. HIS SHARP BLADE LEFT NO SCARS AND THE GULLETS HE CUT WERE FREQUENT! YET, MANFRED WAS NO CRIMINAL...

COME IN!

KNOCK KNOCK

THE THROATS MANFRED CUT WERE NOT HUMAN. HE WAS THE TOWN'S TAXIDERMIST! ONE OF HIS BEST CUSTOMERS WAS NICK TEMPLETON, WHOSE HUNTING PROWESS WAS ALMOST AS REMARKABLE AS HIS PROWESS WITH THE LADIES...

HOW'S MY STAG'S HEAD COMING, MANFRED?

I'M WORKING ON IT, MR. TEMPLETON! A FINE SPECIMEN!





IT WAS A STRANGE ROOM WHICH THE TWO MEN ENTERED FROM THE WORKSHOP: LIFE-LIKE BEASTS OF THE WILDS SURROUNDED THEM IN FRIGHTENING ARRAY...



REMARKABLE WORK, MANFRED!  
I'D HATE TO MEET UP WITH THESE DEAD  
ANIMALS IN THE JUNGLE, HA, HA, HA!

SUDDENLY...

MANFRED, THAT  
BEAR IS... WHY,  
WHO'S THAT?

THAT'S ALMA,  
MY WIFE!  
COME HERE  
DEAR AND  
MEET MR.  
TEMPLETON!



WAS IT THE CONTRAST OF ALMA'S  
BEAUTY AGAINST THE UGLINESS  
OF THE BEASTS, OR NICK'S  
USUAL WEAKNESS FOR THE  
LADIES, THAT MADE HIS BLOOD  
RUSH WILDLY THROUGH HIS  
BODY? AND WHY DID ALMA  
SUDDENLY HOLD HER BREATH?

YOUR WIFE?  
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!



NICK DID NOT WANT TO TEAR  
HIMSELF AWAY FROM THIS  
LOVELY CREATURE, BUT HE  
DID! THE MEETING SERVED TO  
MAKE ALMA VENT HER USUAL  
GRIEVANCE...

YOU PROMISED  
TO BUY ME A NEW  
DRESS AND TAKE  
ME TO THE  
FAIR!

YOU  
KNOW  
WE HAVE  
NO MONEY  
FOR FOOLISH  
THINGS!



I'M SICK  
AND TIRED  
OF ALL  
THIS  
POVERTY!

BE PATIENT,  
ALMA! SOME DAY  
WE WILL HAVE  
SAVED ENOUGH  
MONEY FOR A  
BIG CITY PLACE,  
WE WILL BE RICH!



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

'MORNING,  
MANFRED!  
I'VE COME  
TO SEE  
ABOUT MY  
STAG!

THAT'S WHAT YOU  
CAME FOR YESTER-  
DAY, MR. TEMPLETON!  
IT'S STILL NOT  
READY!



I CAME TO PAY  
YOU SOME MONEY  
ON ACCOUNT!

THANK YOU,  
THANK YOU,  
MR. TEMPLETON!





YOU AND I KNOW IT'S AN OLD TRICK BUT SOON AFTER NICK LEFT, ALMA, WHILE CLEANING, FOUND THAT NICK HAD DROPPED HIS WALLET IN THE SHOP...

MANFRED, LOOK! THIS WALLET AND ALL THIS MONEY!

MR. TEMPLETON LOST IT! WE MUST RETURN IT TO HIM AT ONCE! BUT I'M SO BUSY! YOU MUST GO!

YES, MANFRED ROSE TO THE BAIT AND THREW THE BEAUTIFUL ALMA TO THE WOLF! NEVER BEFORE HAD SHE SEEN SUCH WEALTH AS AT THE TEMPLETON ESTATE.

THANK YOU FOR MY WALLET! YOU ARE AS SWEET AS YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL! HERE IS A REWARD!

I HAVE NEVER HAD SO MUCH MONEY BEFORE!

ALMA WAS OVER WHELMED AND SHE GAVE AS FREELY OF HER CHARMS AS NICK OF HIS MONEY...

LET ME KISS YOU BEFORE YOU GO, AND PROMISE ME YOU WILL RETURN... SOON!

OH, NO! WELL... JUST ONE THEN...

OH... ONLY ONE MORE, NICK!

YES, THE INEVITABLE HAPPENED! THAT KISS WAS THE FIRST OF MANY MORE MEETINGS AND PASSIONATE EMBRACES... AND SOON NICK WAS FALLING IN LOVE WITH ALMA...

I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, ALMA! YOU MUST NEVER LEAVE ME!

OH, MY DARLING! I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU!

WITH ALMA'S ABSENCES GROWING MORE FREQUENT, THE SUSPICIONS OF MANFRED STARTED TO TAKE ROOT...

AGAIN FOR GROCERIES? BUT YOU WENT YESTERDAY!

OH, HE SUSPECTS ME!

I DO IT TO SAVE MONEY!

MANFRED WAS NOT SO EASILY APPEASED AND HE DECIDED TO FOLLOW THE PRETTY ALMA

OH, NO! SHE IS GOING TO VISIT MR. TEMPLETON!



PERHAPS IT IS ONLY  
AN INNOCENT VISIT! I  
MUST FIND OUT!



NICK, I THINK MANFRED  
SUSPECTS US! WE MUST  
NOT SEE EACH OTHER  
FOR A WHILE!

YOU KNOW BEST, MY  
LOVE! BUT DON'T STAY  
AWAY TOO LONG!



A WEEK PASSED! LIKE AN OBSESSION, NICK  
COULD NOT GET ALMA OUT OF HIS MIND! INSTEAD  
OF LEADING A HUNTING PARTY, HE HAD FALLEN  
LISTLESSLY BEHIND...

I'LL OFFER HIM A JOB ON  
MY PLACE! MAYBE MANFRED  
WILL BE TEMPTED BY  
LARGE WAGES!



THE IRREGULAR TERRAIN AND NICK'S  
WANDERING THOUGHTS BROUGHT ON DISASTER  
AS NICK'S FAVORITE HORSE, PRINCE, STUMBLED,  
THROWING NICK...



PRINCE! YOU'RE LEG  
IS BROKEN! SORRY,  
OLD PAL, I'VE GOT  
TO SHOOT YOU!



AND SO, NICK PUT HIS  
BELOVED HORSE OUT OF  
HIS AGONY, HIS OWN SPIRITS  
AT THEIR LOWEST...

GOODBYE,  
PRINCE!



THE ONLY CONSOLATION TO NICK WAS THAT  
MANFRED WOULD MAKE AN EXCELLENT MOUND  
OF HIS HORSE...AND HE COULD SEE ALMA AGAIN.

IT MUST BE PERFECT!  
HOW LONG WILL IT  
TAKE, MANFRED!

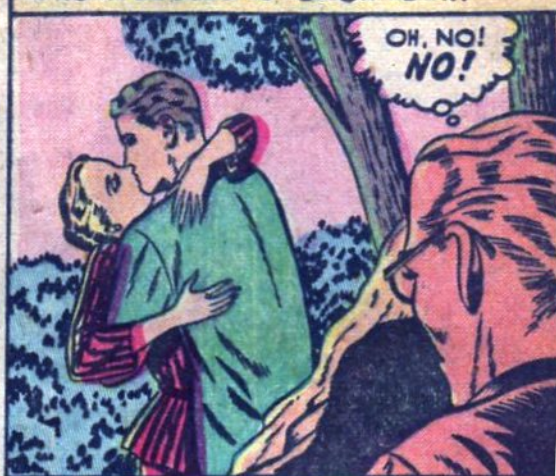
GIVE ME  
THREE WEEKS,  
MR. TEMPLE-  
TON!





ALMA HEARD NICK'S VOICE AND SHE COULD NOT RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO FOLLOW HIM...

MANFRED HEARD ALMA'S DOOR CLICK AND ALTHOUGH HIS SUSPICIONS HAD BEEN WILLED, HE AGAIN DECIDED TO FOLLOW HER...



LATE THAT NIGHT, ALMA RETURNED TO THE WAITING MANFRED! HIS EYES, AND THE EYES OF ALL THE BEASTS ON THE WALL, STARED ACCUSINGLY AT HER...

ALL HIS PENT-UP FURY AND JEALOUSY CAME OUT IN THE WILD BLOWS OF THE IRATE HUSBAND...

THAT NIGHT, MANFRED'S SHARP BLADE CUT IT'S MOST BEAUTIFUL THROAT. SO BEAUTIFUL, IT COULD HAVE BEEN ALMA'S...HEH...HEH...



ALL WE KNOW IS THAT ALMA WAS NO LONGER SEEN AND SOON WAS MISSED! EVERYONE WAS CUT UP ABOUT IT...MAYBE EVEN ALMA...HEH, HEH, BUT MANFRED HAD A READY ANSWER...

ALMA'S BEEN AWAY FOR TWO WEEKS NOW, MANFRED! WHEN IS SHE COMING BACK?

SHE WENT TO THE CITY TO FIND A NEW SHOP FOR ME! WHEN I FINIS PRINCE, YOU WILL SEE HER, I PROMISE YOU!





MEANWHILE, MANFRED WORKED PATIENTLY RESTORING NICK'S HORSE...

SOON YOU WILL BE FINISHED, PRINCE OLD BOY!



FINALLY, MANFRED DELIVERED THE STUFFED AND MOUNTED PRINCE, AND A LIFE LIKE REPRODUCTION IT WAS...

YOU'RE AN ARTIST, MANFRED! IT'S PRINCE COME TO LIFE! MY TROPHY ROOM IS IN THAT BUILDING! WE'LL BRING HIM IN THERE!



FOR MONTHS, NICK CONSOLED HIMSELF FOR THE MISSING ALMA BY ENJOYING HIS STUFFED HORSE...

WHY DOESN'T SHE RETURN TO US AS SHE PROMISED... PRINCE, YOU HAVE BEEN INJURED!



SOMEHOW, PRINCE'S LEG HAD BEEN CUT AND AS HE EXAMINED AND OPENED THE RIP, NICK SAW...

A... A SKELETON! HUMAN BONES...



FEVERISHLY, NICK PICKED UP A DAGGER AND STARTED TO SLIT THE HORSE OPEN...

WHAT TRICK IS THIS?



MY GOD! IT'S ALMA! HE KILLED HER, AND SENT HER CORPSE TO ME! HE KEPT HIS PROMISE!



SO THIS WAS MANFRED'S REVENGE... A GIFT OF HATE... THE CORPSE OF HIS WIFE...



YES, THE JEALOUS HUSBAND KEPT HIS PROMISE! SO YOU SEE, YOU MUST BEWARE OF THOSE WHO BRING YOU GIFTS... AND WHAT'S MORE, NEVER LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH OR IN THE SIDE... HEH, HEH, HEH!





# STOP PAYING 89¢ EACH FOR SMASH HIT RECORDS!

## NEW "Closer Grooved" 78 R.P.M. RECORDS & 45's

# THIS WEEK'S 18 Song Parade HITS!

## ON BREAK-RESISTANT VINYLITE FILLED RECORDS

# FOR 17¢ EACH!

COMPLETE SET OF 18 FOR \$2.98

**Now! 6 Complete Hits on 1 Standard Speed Record**

Your Choice For \$2.98 — 18 Popular Hit Songs or 18 Hill Billy Hits, or 12 Square Dance Numbers



**JACK RUSSELL**  
(of the Sid Caesar - Imogene Coca "Your Show of Shows") on T.V. brings you Record Hit Songs on Break-resistant 78 R.P.M. records. Only 17¢ each song.



**JEFF CLARK**  
formerly of the Lucky Strike Hit Parade brings you for 17¢ each the Song Parade Hits



New Improved Record (Closer Grooved) Old Style Record (Grooved Too Far Apart)

NOTE THE OLD STYLE RECORD has only one song on each side. The New Improved record has closer grooves with three complete songs on each side. The closer grooved record puts over 10,000 inches of grooves on each side. You get 3 complete hits on each side.



**12 SQUARE DANCE SONGS AND GIFT BOOK "SQUARE DANCING FOR YOUNG AND OLD".** The 12 square dances are recorded on two standard speed records—3 on a side. Play on all standard speed 78 RPM record players. Six songs have calls you hear the calls. The other six are top square dance music. 12 square dances on two records. Play on all 78 RPM speed 10 inch records. The "Square Dancing For Young And Old" book is easy to follow—simplified lessons, with illustrations. You'll get more than \$3.00 worth of fun from the book alone. You get the 12 square dances plus the square dancing book for only \$2.98.

☐ You Get 12 Square Dance Songs by Hap Williams and others plus Gift Book "Square Dancing" for \$2.98

- |                    |               |                         |
|--------------------|---------------|-------------------------|
| 1. MOCKIN' BIRD    | Selection by  | 7. CHICKEN REEL         |
| 2. FLOP-EARED MULE | Hap Williams  | 8. GOLDEN SLIPPER       |
| 3. BUFFALO GAL     | and the       | 9. RED RIVER VALLEY     |
| 4. OH, SUSANNA     | Sunshine Gang | 10. ARKANSAS TRAVELER   |
| 5. SOLDIER'S JOY   | and others.   | 11. LITTLE BROWN JUG    |
| 6. DEVIL'S DREAM   |               | 12. TURKEY IN THE STRAW |

PLUS BOOK: (78 RPM Only)

"Square Dancing For Young And Old"

STARRING JACK RUSSELL (of the Sid Caesar - Imogene Coca "Your Show of Shows") and DEAN MARTIN of the Dean Martin - Jerry Lewis T.V. Show and Movies Fame and JEFF CLARK formerly of the LUCKY STRIKE HIT PARADE

ARLENE JAMES of NBC-TV and ED SULLIVAN'S TOAST OF THE TOWN

All Brand - New Up to the Minute Smash Hits!

☐ YOU GET 18 SONG PARADE SMASH HITS FOR ONLY \$2.98 By Dean Martin and Others

- |                         |                                  |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. VAYA CON DIOS        | 12. WALKING MY BABY BACK HOME    |
| 2. NO OTHER LOVE        | 13. SONG FROM MOULIN ROUGE       |
| 3. CRYING IN THE CHAPEL | 14. PRETEND                      |
| 4. WITH THESE HANDS     | 15. TERRY'S THEME FROM LIMELIGHT |
| 5. YOU, YOU, YOU        | 16. I'M WALKING BEHIND YOU       |
| 6. C'EST SI BON         | 17. APRIL IN PORTUGAL            |
| 7. BUTTERFLIES          | 18. P.S. I LOVE YOU              |
| 8. OH!                  |                                  |
| 9. DRAGNEY              |                                  |
| 10. GOD BLESS US ALL    |                                  |
| 11. OH! MARIE           |                                  |

DEAN MARTIN  
of the Dean Martin - Jerry Lewis team brings you the Song Parade Hits for only 17¢ each song.



ARLENE JAMES  
appeared on Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town, on NBC-TV shows with John Conte.



### HILL BILLY OFFER

You get 18 Hill Billy songs that are sweeping the country and grooved three on each side of standard 10 inch records. Play on all standard record players or phonographs. Rush your order now for all 18 for a saving of \$13.04. Get all 18 of the LATEST most Popular Hill Billy Songs! All 18 Hill Billy Hits for only \$2.98. Rush your order Now! players. Recorded by Hap Williams and others.

☐ You Get 18 Hill Billy Smash Hits for Only \$2.98

- |                            |                         |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. STEEL GUITAR WALTZ      | 10. CAN'T I             |
| 2. BIG MANOW               | 11. BACK STREET         |
| 3. FREE HOME DEMONSTRATION | 12. YOUR CHEATING HEART |
| 4. I CAN'T WAIT            | 13. A FOOL SUCH AS I    |
| 5. WILD HORSES             | 14. TELL ME A STORY     |
| 6. I BELIEVE               | 15. EDDY'S SONG         |
| 7. KNOTHOLE                | 16. SIDE BY SIDE        |
| 8. IT'S BEEN SO LONG       | 17. HOT ROD MAMMA       |
| 9. NO HELP WANTED          | 18. A DEAR JOHN LETTER  |

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

SONG PARADE CO., Dept. 164,  
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

- ☐ Rush the 18 Top Smash Hit Songs starring Jack Russell, Dean Martin, Jeff Clark and Arlene James and a supporting cast on 3 break-resistant vinyl records. I enclose \$2.98, send postage pre-paid. (I save 90¢ by sending full \$2.98 payment with my order.) I may keep any six songs and return only 12 for refund if not satisfied. ☐ Send 78 R.P.M. speed. ☐ Send 45 R.P.M. speed.
- ☐ RUSH the 18 HILL BILLY RECORDS. I enclose \$2.98. Send postage prepaid. ☐ 78 RPM ☐ 45 RPM
- ☐ RUSH the 12 SQUARE DANCE SONGS plus Book on "Square Dancing for Young and Old". I enclose \$2.98. Send postage prepaid. ☐ 78 RPM ☐ 45 RPM
- ☐ RUSH all 3 Sets listed above. I enclose \$8.00 for all 3 sets. ☐ 78 RPM ☐ 45 RPM

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

### MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you don't think you get a bargain, if you don't think you save money, if for any reason you are not 100% satisfied, return the records for your money back, or keep any 6 free!



# FAT FOLKS! Your Dream Has Come True!

## HOW TO LOSE UGLY FAT Without Dieting-Hunger!

- NO DIET
- NO EXERCISE
- NO "METHODS"
- NO "PLANS"
- NO DRUGS

Here's news of a sensational discovery by a group of doctors, associated with one of New York's leading hospitals. Thousands say it is the "Miracle Way" to lose weight because there are no do's or don'ts . . . no dieting . . . no exercising . . . no massaging . . . no drugs. You can still enjoy eating until satisfied, yet lose as much weight as you wish.

### Doctors Developed This Formula After More Than 17 Years of Research

The group of doctors who made this sensational discovery, devoted more than 17 years to obesity research work. During all this time they found . . . as most doctors agree . . . that the safest and surest way to lose weight is to eat less. But, to most overweight people this means a constant craving for food. And, it is that "hungry feeling" that usually makes them cheat on their diets at mealtimes, or in between meals, with the result that they lose no weight, or gain back whatever weight they may have lost.

### Doctors Discover How To Stop That "Hungry Feeling"

After more than 17 years of tireless research work, this group of doctors finally discovered a formula that satisfies hunger and stops that "hungry feeling." It comes in the form of a tasty wafer and is called MELTABS. By chewing one (or letting it dissolve in your mouth) before eating, it helps to control overeating, and stops that "hungry feeling" in between mealtimes.



### How Meltabs Stops Overeating and Hunger

According to scientific calculations, one Meltab wafer has the hunger satisfying capacity of 1 lb. boiled potatoes, or 5 slices white bread, or 4 eggs—yet it contains only 5 calories.

### Clinical Tests Prove Meltabs Work

Before MELTABS became available to you, it was clinically-tested on a large number of normal, healthy, but overweight men and women. In making these tests, the doctors instructed the group not to go on any special diet . . . not to cut out certain foods . . . but simply take a MELTAB wafer before each meal. They were told to eat until they felt satisfied . . . that's all.

### DOCTORS

approve and recommend MELTABS because it contains no drugs. The formula is the discovery of a group of doctors associated with one of New York's leading hospitals.



### Clinical Tests Showed Amazing Results

Every member of the group lost from 8 to 20 pounds in a short time. In fact, satisfactory weight losses were seen the very first week. What's more, not one person ever had a single hungry moment, and all said they never felt better. Throughout the clinical tests, the doctors carefully checked the physical condition of each person . . . even to taking electrocardiograms, and found absolutely no ill-effects. All were healthier and happier after losing from 8 to 20 pounds.

### Start Losing Your Excess Weight This Proved Safe Way

Here, at last, is the way to reduce safely . . . without dieting . . . without hunger . . . without giving up the foods you like. Now, more than ever before, doctors and insurance companies are warning against overweight. Make up your



Men: Why not try MELTABS, the natural way to take off excess weight that's neither good for you nor good to look at.

mind right now to lose excess weight and extra inches this "Miracle Way." Order your 30 day supply of MELTABS for only \$3.00 postpaid. MELTABS is backed by a money-back guarantee, so you can lose nothing but weight. If you aren't pleased over the weight you've lost after using one jar, you get your money back. So, clip the coupon and mail it now.

## MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

ROBIN PRODUCTS CO., Dept. MYC-1,  
26 East 46th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Send me 30 Day Supply of MELTABS.

I enclose \$3.00 for postpaid delivery. ☐ Send C.O.D.—  
I will pay postman \$3.00 plus postal charges. ☐

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

Your money back if you don't LOSE WEIGHT





# COMPLETE BAFFLING MAGIC OUTFIT

## 20 First Class Illusions

BE A MAGICIAN — FOOL AND DELIGHT THEM WITH  
A FULL 2 HOUR MYSTERY SHOW

**\$1**  
Only



**ROPE TRICK**—Cut it in half, yet it is still in one piece and other surprises—yours only with this offer.



**GRAVITY**—Defy scientific laws. Seeing is believing. You'll fool them plenty when you know how.



**MAGIC MIRROR**—Spectators will be amazed. With it you read cards, without even looking at them.



**FLYING QUARTER**—Here's one you can do over and over again and make all the guessers look foolish.

Now the top secrets of 20 professional magic tricks are yours to entertain and amaze your friends and make you popular. With this outfit you get 20 exclusive tricks and the secret knowledge of how to easily perform them all for only \$1.00.

### You Alone Will Know These Revealing Secrets

Imagine, by just waving your magic wand and shouting a few magic words you will be able to make things disappear and reappear . . . imagine your friends and mother and dad all being fooled, surprised and amazed. You'll hold them spell-bound. They will just sit open mouthed with wonderment. They'll be delighted, for it's a barrel of fun for everyone. It's so fascinating and thrilling . . . BUT . . . the hidden secrets will be yours, never to reveal. Follow the simple directions, and no one will ever catch on.

### No Experience Necessary

The illustrated instructions furnished are so simple you will master all these tricks at once. It's fun practicing too . . . for here you have a short cut to magic learning that starts you doing tricks right away. You can't go wrong . . . it's as easy as A, B, C's . . . AND . . . the set of 20 exclusive tricks is almost a gift at this limited offer price of \$1.00.

### 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

You'll agree this 20 piece Magic Set is worth much more than our bargain price of \$1.00; and it is. We want new friends for our other novelty bargains. We want you to try the set, follow the instructions and if not 100% delighted, return it after 10 days free trial for prompt refund of your dollar. Act at once. Sorry, only three to a customer.



### ALL THESE 20 TRICKS INCLUDED

CUT AND RESTORED ROPE  
FAMOUS PADDLE TRICK  
RING ON STRING  
VIS-ESCAPE  
MAGIC PINS  
RING AND COIL  
GRAVITY DEFYER  
MAGIC MIRROR

HORSE AND RIDER  
CHINESE LAUNDRY TICKET  
MIRACLE COIN TRICK  
QUESTION MARK  
GRAPPLES  
TWISTER TRICK  
MASTER CARD LOCATION  
PLUS 5 CUT-OUT TRICKS

And special illustrated secret instruction booklet.

### RUSH COUPON — MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. 870,  
35 Wilbur ST. Lynbrook, N.Y.

Rush my Baffling Magic Outfit on approval for only \$1.00. If I am not completely satisfied I may return it after 10 days free trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1 on delivery plus a few cents postage.

☐ I enclose \$1 for my MAGIC OUTFIT. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage. Same money back guarantee.